The Tale of the Tenth Tablet—By H. Bedford-Jones

THIS is the First of a Series of Complete Stories by an Author of Fascinating and Mysterious Yarns. The Second Story, to Appear in The Star Magazine Next Sunday, Will Be "The Emperor's Amulet," Dealing With Another Adventure of Ling Ti.

CHENG-TU is an ancient city on a plain, with three million people crowded around it. Before the Roman empire fell, Cheng-tu was great. Hence, it might be imagined that when Jim Hanecy, agent and dealer in antiques, came 1,500 miles up the Yangtze river to this city he knew what he was doing.

The contrary was the case.

Hanecy was red-haired and was tremendously efficient in a cold, clear-headed way. He came up-river as far as the gorges on definite business, running down some old porcelains. Then he fell foul of river men lately returned from French labor battalions with swaggering ideas of equality. The upshot of the matter was that Hanecy was shanghaied, and woke up some days afterward to find himself kicked ashore and lucky to get off with his life.

Jim took it philosophically. He tramped into Chungking, where there was a consul, and outfitted anew. Here, to his astonishment, he learned that no less than four other white men had just passed up-river on their way to Chang-tu. This fact became a coincidence when he discovered that all four had traveled separately and in haste. The coincidence settled into a suspicion when he discovered that all four were his most prominent professional rivals.

"Hello!" said Hanecy. "Now I've dropped onto something and no mistake!"

He promptly hired a boat and went to Cheng-tu. He did not know why he went, but he smelled a distinct rat. One of the four was Benson, and Benson never went after anything in person unless it was tremendously important. There was something up.

"Some big news broke suddenly on the coast," reflected Hanecy. "Reached 'em all at once. Let's see now! Toptit is straight as a string. Benson is crooked as the devil. Gramerfeld would rob his own brother of a penny. Carson plays a lone hand, same as I do. H'm! I'd sooner work with Toptit than any of the others—but I guess I'll trail Benson. He and I are about due to lock horns, anyhow!"

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HANECY did not deceive himself when he deliberately chose this course. Benson was the most dangerous man in China. He knew the dialects like a native, and had lines of influence and graft extending in all directions. Small, rather short-sighted, coolly pleasant, he never lost his head for a minute. He was said to have all the ruthless cruelty of a Manchu, but few of his personal enemies ever reported on that point.

The first problem facing Jim Hanecy was to discover what was up. He had letters to a fur dealer named Kiang, who was delighted to take him as a guest; but old Kiang knew nothing of the mystery. So Jim sallied forth on the afternoon of his arrival.

Kiang's shop and house lay in the business quarter, just inside the east gate. Hanecy sauntered along the wide, fifty-foot street with its scurrying crowds and its rows of flashy gilt signs—and two minutes afterward came slap on Benson, who was standing gazing into a shop window filled with Tibetan images.

"Hello!" exclaimed Hanecy, shaking hands. "So you're on the trail too, eh?"

Benson smiled—a nasty smile it was. He was not pleased to see Hanecy.

"Too late," he returned. "The show's over. Carson has left already. Gramerfield leaves in the morning. Toptit has disappeared. I'm going in a couple of days."

"Oh!" Hanecy grinned. "What kind of a lie did you hand out, to discourage 'em that way?"

Benson's eyes narrowed.

"Don't get too personal, Hanecy. The stuff has been dispersed. There are a lot of collectors here, you know. The fellow split up the whole business and it's gone."

Jim concealed his ignorance successfully.

"You're a first-chop liar," he returned cheerfully, and thereby declared war. "So you fooled the other boys, eh. Well, don't monkey with me, Benson. I'll stick around a while."

He passed on, leaving Benson staring after him. He was as mystified as ever. He knew that Chengtu contained many native collections of paintings and antiques, most of them imitations, referring to the Han period. Still, he could not imagine just what had brought his confreres here. He chuckled to think how Benson had managed to get rid of Gramerfield and Carson so quickly. That left only Toptit in the field—a gangling Yankee agent whom Hanecy rather respected.

There were no 'rikishas to be had in this place, and Hanecy suspected that the sedan chairs might have previous and more nimble tenants, so he preferred walking. From previous visits he knew the city well enough to find his way about, and directed his course to the south gate, where stood the government buildings. Shortly before reaching these he compromised with dignity and hired a chair which sat him down at the entrance to the Yamen.

Hanecy paid his respects to the local mandarin. He did it in his usual fashion, without great regard for etiquette, intending merely to get the matter over and done with, so that he might be free to act as affairs might dictate. Somewhat to his surprise he found himself received very cordially by the mandarin, who was an official from Peking and who spoke English.

Hanecy was still more astonished when the mandarin blandly referred to what had brought him and his fellow dealers to Cheng-tu.

"Perhaps you have not heard, Mr. Hanecy, that the things have been dispersed."

Hanecy stalled. "I know only rumors, your excellency. What are the facts?"

The mandarin beamed on him with oily grace. Hanecy decided to distrust the gentleman.

"It is no news to you, of course, that a workman in Honan unearthed certain relics which must have come from no other than the tomb of the Emperor Ling Ti of the eastern-Han dynasty?"

"That," said Hanecy promptly, "is what brought me here."

"Of course," was the bland response. "You know that the workman, who came from Cheng-tu, fled here at once with the things he unearthed, but not before news of his discovery had gone abroad. Reaching here, he confided the treasures to a relative and shortly afterward died. The relative disposed of the things carelessly. Your fellow dealers came here too late."

Hanecy expressed proper disappointment, drank his tea to end the audience, and departed thoughfully. He retraced his steps across town by way of the moated, walled and entirely ruined palace of the old Han emperors, in the center of town.

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AT least, he had learned what he was here for! It was not likely that some workman had chanced on an emperor's tomb. Most of these tombs were looted ages ago, but many yet remain. And Ling Ti, who had reigned in the second century A. D., would have taken some fine things with him to the spirit world.

"I'd like to know whether this mandarin was lying!" reflected Hanecy, striding down the narrow street that led past the ruined palace moats.

An instant later he had his answer. It came in the shape of a dirty beggar, who rose up out of the dust and came within an ace of sending Hanecy to join his several ancestors by means of a six-inch sliver of steel.

For a man so immersed in thought, the American moved with astonishing rapidity. With his left hand he caught the knife wrist and jerked the beggar forward; with his right he groped for the man's ribs. There was a single wild howl, and Hanecy looked calmly down at the writhing object. He ignored the fast-gathering crowd.

"The hands of the foreign devils are strong," he said grimly. "Be thankful that I broke your ribs instead of your neck, son of a turtle!"

He went his way chuckling a little to himself. He knew now that the mandarin had lied, and that Benson had lied. The Ling Ti relics might be dispersed, but they were within reach.

"You have a lot of friends among these yellow folk, Benson!" he murmured complacently. "But I have a few myself. Still, I didn't think you'd go as far as this merely because I called you a liar. So it's war, is it? I'm satisfied!"

Jim Hanecy conferred long with the estimable Kiang, merchant in furs, that evening. He told Kiang all the truth, and the old son of Han smiled gently upon him.

"There will be no further attempts on your life in the streets, my friend," said Kiang complacently. "I will speak with certain members of my tong, and they will see to it. Still, I cannot answer for other places. May I unworthily advise that you tread with care, lest you step on the tail of a tiger."

Hanecy grinned. "I'm used to tigers, Kiang—thanks all the same. So you know nothing about this treasure?"

Kiang knew nothing. He belonged to one of the historic families, had an extensive collection of jade and caligraphy, and was certain that no ancient objects had been offered for sale generally. And thus the conference ended.

In the morning Hanecy went forth carrying a gun in the holster under his arm. He could not depend on Kiang's tong brethren for too much. He realized that Benson was playing a big game of some kind, and that if he fought Benson he would be fighting some powerful and dangerous allies. Also, Benson's reference to the disappearance of Toptit worried him badly. Hanecy liked this Toptit, who made poetry and had a knack of ingratiating himself with the natives, but he hardly considered Toptit a match for the astute Benson. The word "disappeared" had an ominous flavor, coming from Benson. Perhaps that had been a hint, a covert threat.

"If anything's happened to poor Toptit, I'll make Benson sweat for it," thought Hanecy angrily. "Now, where to go? Ah! I think I'll take a trip to the Tu temple—the bonzes are good old sports and would put me wise to anything they knew."

This was no random cast. The Buddhist priests at the temple of the poet Tu were old friends of Hanecy, and were fairly reliable. They would have the whole countryside gossip on their tongues, and would have no traffic with Benson. The latter was notorious as an enemy of the bonzes, because of a certain barefaced robbery perpetrated on a Shantung temple. Benson and his satellites would keep away from Buddhist centers.

Hanecy summoned a chair and directed the bearers to the temple, which stood outside the south gate and across the Lo-han bridge.

There were in reality two temples, standing beneath a grove of immense oaks and surrounded on three sides by the "Flower-washing river." When he entered the main gate Hanecy took the path to the right, and presently stood before the extremely beautiful spot known as "Master Tu's Shrine."

It was a small temple, a gem of architecture, set amid graceful bamboos and flowering trees; the courtyard was a huge and ancient garden, where orchids and the more delicate magnolias gave the appearance of a jungle. Here and there were arbors for visitors. The entire place was in keeping with its poetical tradition, exquisitely beautiful.

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HANECY, standing at the courtyard entrance, exchanged greetings with the old priest who appeared, and asked for the abbot in charge. The latter was away, but the bonze bade Hanecy enter and make free of the place until the junior abbot could receive him. To this Jim assented gratefully.

With a sigh of relaxation he removed his hat, wiped his brow and entered one of the orchid-heavy arbors to seat himself. He found himself face to face with Toptit.

"Thought I recognized your red topknot from afar!" exclaimed Toptit genially. "How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't know." Hanecy chuckled and inspected his professional rival with interest. About Toptit's head was wrapped a bandage of large proportions. "What hit you?"

"That's still a question," returned Toptit whimsically. "Did you get my message? I heard you were in town and sent word to the yamen——"

"The devil!" snapped Hanecy, suddenly alert. "Then Benson knows where you're hiding!"

"Who said I was hiding?" demanded the other.

"Quit the comedy, Toptit! Benson is hand in glove with that cursed mandarin."

Toptit whistled and screwed up his angular face in a grimace. Then he laughed.

"Well, Benson won't get in here! The bonzes wouldn't let him past the outside gate. Who put you on the track of the Ling Ti treasure?"

"I heard about it." Hanecy sat down and produced his pipe. "What bit you?"

Toptit chuckled. "I don't know, I tell you. Somebody soaked me over the head two nights ago and threw me into the river. I crawled out over the promontory and had a chat with the boss priest here. I suspected Benson wanted to get me out of the way, since we had exchanged a few illnatured words. I've been here ever since, writing sonnets, which the priests admire vastly, and having a good time."

Hanecy grinned at this and began to revise some of his notions about Toptit.

"You're not the fool you look," he observed.

"Thanks, sorrel-top. Same to you. Is Benson on your trail?"

"Maybe. And maybe I'm on his." Hanecy's steely eyes glinted. "You must have some information about that Ling Ti stuff, or Benson's friend wouldn't have jumped you."

Toptit inspected him thoughtfully. "I've always heard," he said, "that you met a chap on the level."

"And parted with him on the square." Hanecy grinned again. "Well, shoot!"

"On a fifty-fifty basis."

Hanecy nodded. Thus, in a few words, was the partnership arranged. It was almost the first personal meeting of the two men, yet reputation had preceded each of them, and the meeting clinched as truth what rumor had carried. Each man knew that the other could be fully trusted.

"I'm out of the game." Toptit grimaced again as he sat down, and he spoke soberly. "At least, I'm out of it for a time. There's a nasty cut under my shoulder."

"I thought they would have tried to make certain," said Hanecy. "Knocking a white man on the head and slinging him into the river is a rather dubious guarantee against his talking. Especially thick-headed white men. But go on."

"Spare the compliments," retorted Toptit. "Here's the real dope on that guy from Honan. He came here with the stuff, but the news had spread pretty fast. When he got here the mandarin tried to grab the whole business for himself, but the stubborn beggar refused to give it up—and he got away from the yamen with it, too. The mandarin sent soldiers after him, and they finally got him—put a bullet slap into him. Well, he went into the river, and some of the loot went with him, and it's gone. Six pieces of it are left."

"Ah!" said Hanecy, biting on his pipestem. "Where are the six?"

"Scattered between here and Chungking in pawnshops or other places. I have the list."

"Good work! If Benson had it——"

"He has it," said Toptit calmly. "That's why I sent word to the yamen—that message to you. Benson knows that I have the list. He won't go after the stuff until he's got me out of the way. Savvy? He knows now that I'm alive and kicking and still dangerous."

Hanecy regarded his compatriot with admiration.

"Say, I've underestimated you, old hoss! You're a cool devil. What's to hinder Benson going after the stuff while you're laid up here?"

"Local customs; Chungking is a treaty spot, and he would have to smuggle it through the customs there. He's afraid, if he gets it, I'll warn the customs people. That stuff would be grabbed by the government in a minute. He wants to put me under the sod first."

Hanecy nodded. With every moment he was gaining new respect for this Toptit—who, he perceived, was anything but the gangling, ignorant poet-Yankee he appeared.

"You'll hold Benson busy while I get the stuff—is that it?" he queried.

"Something like that. It'll take time. The chap who found it originally had a lot of relatives up and down the river. The present holders are nearly all relatives. Of course, Benson will have the present owners watched. He'll know if you go after any of the stuff, and you can look for trouble. He may leave me alone, in fact, and go to it himself. That's your lookout."

CAPT. HANECY DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS BEING TRAILED.

"See here," said Hanecy, "don't you borrow any worry on my end. You give me that list and leave the rest to me."

"I have to get some of it myself—two or three pieces," returned Toptit. "I can do it, I think. You see, these fellows love poetry, and if I write 'em a poem they'll deal with me, because a poem is a compliment."

"Benson doesn't deal in poems," said Hanecy. "What's the program?"

"All right, suit yourself! Go get a jade tablet that's held by Yen Ching, who has a pawnshop and drug store back of the Kuan-ti temple in the city."

"Eh? In the city here?" Hanecy frowned. "Why doesn't Benson get it?"

"Go and see," returned Toptit, with an irritating grin. "Bet you two cents you don't get the tablet."

Hanecy grunted and rose. "I'll be back tomorrow with it," he said.

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BECAUSE he believed in getting things done by doing them himself, Jim Hanecy went straight into the city, dismissed his chair, and walked toward the Kuan-ti-miao, where the young gentlemen of Chengtu gathered by night in the spacious halls to amuse their bodies and souls with the various diversions of youth.

Hanecy discovered that he was being trailed by a man in a black cap, a fur-trimmed blouse and quilted trousers. Paying no attention to the man, Hanecy sought out the shop of Yen Ching, a dirty, grimy little hole in the wall. He went inside.

In the rear a group of men were smoking and talking. The proprietor came to meet him—a yellow man with wispy mustaches and beard and keenly sparkling eyes that inquired Hanecy's business without any show of wonder at seeing a white man.

"You have a jade tablet here," said Hanecy without preamble. "May I inspect it?"

Yen Ching assented, his dialect a little difficult to follow. He turned to a box on a shelf and held out to Hanecy a flat tablet of gray, reddish-dotted jade, ten inches in length and half as wide. One edge of the half-inch slab was pierced with holes. Upon the surface was a single line of incised characters, the old picture writing of the Han period.

"What is your price on this?" asked Hanecy.

"It is not for sale," responded Yen Ching.

"I wish only to hear a price named."

"That is impossible. I promised a friend to keep it six months. I am a man of honor."

"But your friend is dead!"

"He may come back," was the only response.

Hanecy knew himself blocked. Yen Ching's honor and his fear of a ghost-haunted future were insuperable to money. He copied the inscription on the tablet, thanked Yen Ching and departed.

He went straight home to Kiang's house. He had no doubt that the tablet was genuine, for it was unmistakable Han jade, such as is no longer found in China. It was, he conjectured, one of a number bound together by the pierced edges to form a jade book.

Kiang, who was quite scholar enough to read the Han ideographs, confirmed this with visible excitement upon seeing Hanecy's copy of the inscription.

"This is the tenth tablet of a jade sacrificial book," he affirmed, "giving the virtues and honorable names of the Emperor Ling Ti. My friend, I congratulate you on finding such a thing! But I have heard of Yen Ching; he is a man of honor and will not sell the tablet until the six months of his promise have expired."

Hanecy swore under his breath. It was all he could do. He perceived that this jade slab, even without its authentic historicity, would fetch a huge price. Any museum would stretch its means to get such a thing. But to wait six months or so.

"I'll go back and see Yen Ching again this afternoon," he said. Old Kiang merely smiled.

Useless though he knew it to be, Hanecy none the less started out when the heat of the afternoon was waning and directed his steps toward the old palace quarter. He had no definite intention beyond trying to get on some friendly basis with the pawnbroker.

Before he was half-way to his destination, however, he heard himself addressed in flawless Mandarin. Turning in some surprise, Hanecy saw at his elbow the man whom he had observed that morning—the man wearing a black cap, a fur-trimmed blouse and quilted trousers. The yellow man bowed and then took from beneath his blouse an object wrapped in faded silk.

"I was directed to give this to you, excellency, with greetings from an humble and most unworthy friend who desires to please you."

The speaker immediately withdrew and disappeared in the crowd. Hanecy, frowning, opened the faded silk wrapping and disclosed—the tenth tablet!

For an instant he was literally dumfounded. From whom could it have come—and why? As he strode along he could scarce credit his good fortune.

Hanecy was nearing the south gate when a nearly naked coolie wearing a white head-cloth—the color of mourning—approached and spoke to him. He halted and listened.

When Jim Hanecy reached the Lohan bridge he found the traffic interrupted. Ahead of him was the temple of his destination; also ahead of him and occupying the center of the bridge were a dozen soldiers and an officer of the mandarin's provincial army.

Concluding that some case of native jurisdiction was going forward, in which every one crossing the bridge was being halted and searched, or else that some criminal was being sought, Jim Hanecy carelessly strode ahead. To his surprise, the officer in charge stepped out in front of him.

"Why are you stopping me?" demanded Hanecy, who was accustomed to the deference accorded whites, and particularly Americans, in the Flowery kingdom.

"The orders are most strict, honorable sir," returned the officer. "We are posted here to apprehend a murderer."

"Ah!" Hanecy smiled. "You will know him by sight, I suppose."

"By search, excellency. A merchant named Yen Ching was murdered this afternoon. His slayer carried off a highly valuable tablet of old jade and several tins of opium—which is, of course, contraband. We have been given to understand that it will come this way."

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HANECY inspected the crowd sharply. A steely glitter came into his eyes. He perceived that a clever trap had been set for him, and now he saw who had set the trap.

It was Benson's doing, of course. Benson had sent his man to kill Yen Ching and steal the tenth tablet. Then, in order to get Hanecy out of the way for good and all, he had gone into partnership with the mandarin. The two were working together.

Seeing the white man hesitating, the soldiers drew in closer, and with them the crowd behind.

"I am an American," said Hanecy. "Even if I had committed this crime, the mandarin could not judge me. I must be sent to the consul at Chungking."

"That may be true, excellency," said the officer. "I have nothing to do with it."

"Very well." Hanecy shrugged his shoulders. "I have a revolver in a holster. You can see by passing your hands over me that neither the jade nor the opium is in my possession."

The officer apologized and leaned forward.

Now, any one who knew Jim Hanecy would have stood aghast at this. It was not his way to tamely stand up and be searched. It was not his way to act on the defensive at all. When Hanecy declared war he usually struck hard and fast.

He reddened a little under the humiliation—more fancied than real—as the officer patted his pockets. Anger stirred in him deeply. When the officer stood back, looking a trifle dismayed, Hanecy eyed him with a grim smile.

"So, my friend! Now tell me the truth. You were informed that the jade tablet would be in my possession, is it not so? Your men were waiting here for me?"

The officer stammered. "Yes, excellency—and the opium also——"

Hanecy's eyes glittered. "I don't forget the opium," he said crisply. "How much of it was stolen from the shop of Yen Ching?"

"Four ten-tael tins, excellency. Yen Ching was found dead, clasping the smuggled case in his hands. Those who found him looked at once for the jade tablet, which was his most valuable possession——"

"I see," said Hanecy. "Somebody came to get the jade, and, seeing the opium, decided to take that as well, eh? I suppose that I may pass by?"

The official bowed in some confusion.

Jim Hanecy passed him, passed the soldiers, who were staring at him open-mouthed. It was evident that they had all been waiting there for Hanecy; that their stoppage of other persons was all a blind. Hanecy perceived the trap quite clearly.

As Hanecy came to the little crowd of people waiting he whirled suddenly, paused and turned upon them. There was a swift scattering, a bleat of terror; they knew, these yellow folk, when death was looking out of the eyes of a man!

The hand of Jim Hanecy slipped to his armpit. There was a sharp crack. He stood with a little curl of vapor rising from the tip of his pistol, then he shoved the weapon away. One of the crowd, a man who had been slinking back out of sight, lay outstretched and motionless.

The soldiers ran in, shouting, to surround Hanecy. He did not move until the officer came up, then he turned and smiled grimly.

"That man," and he gestured toward the body, "is the one who murdered Yen Ching. Let search be made and the opium will be found upon him."

"That one!" cried the officer, taken aback. "Why, that is the one who——" He checked himself suddenly. Hanecy finished the sentence for him.

"That is the one who bore word to the yamen that I was guilty. Yes, I know it. Let the search be made quickly. I have no more time to waste."

The officer approached the body. The soldiers and yellow folk stared in dumb astonishment at the scene. The officer knelt and searched the body of the dead man—the man who wore a black cap, a fur-trimmed blouse and quilted trousers. When the officer rose he held four tins of opium.

"Justice," said Hanecy drily, "is the rarest and most admirable of virtues. Return to the yamen with news of what has been done here. If my presence is desired, I shall be at the Tu-kung-tsz yonder."

The officer bowed, speechless, and motioned his men to fall away from Hanecy.

The American passed on without looking back at the scene. When he had left the bridge behind and was out of sight he removed his hat and wiped the sweat from his brow. A dry laugh was on his lips.

"Justice!" he said. "Well, that's the sort of abstract justice these yellow men adore; the kind they understand. By tomorrow I'll be hailed far and wide as the light of Asia or something, eh? I sure hope that coolie shows up with the tenth tablet!"

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HE wended his way to the temple where Toptit awaited him. He found Toptit in one of the arbors, busily inscribing verses upon a sheet of red paper.

Hanecy told his partner exactly what had transpired. Toptit listened in silence, made one or two corrections in his last verse, and then broke the silence.

"You are cursed reckless, Hanecy," he said. "How did you know that the man was the murderer?"

"I didn't," and Hanecy chuckled. "That was the gamble. It looked as though whoever stole the jade had caught Yen Ching with some opium, and had hooked the opium of his own account. Then, of course, Benson had kept him busy ever since laying that trap for me. I gambled that the opium was on him—and it was."

"But the jade?" exclaimed Toptit. "You calmly handed it over to that coolie——"

"Sure." Hanecy lighted his pipe and relaxed comfortably. "Old Kiang had sent the coolie to me, savvy? Sent him to catch me with word that there was some sort of a trap in prospect. So I handed over the jade tablet. He promised to bring it here."

"A coolie's promise!" grunted Toptit.

"Well, I told you the fellow had a white mourning rag on, didn't I?" Hanecy expelled a whiff of smoke. "He was Yen Ching's brother—and here he is now!"

They leaped up as a man appeared before the arbor, accompanied by one of the priests. It was the coolie, and he bore the tenth tablet.

"Lucky devil!" murmured Toptit.

Hanecy only grinned.

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Known by Their Sparks.

IT has been shown that the spark rays made by the incandescent particles thrown off from iron and steel when put upon an emery wheel afford a means of testing the composition of the metals. Carbon steels, manganese steel and steels containing tungsten and nickel each give a characteristic spark of different forms and colors easily distinguishable.

The form of the spark picture changes with the quantity of carbon. Even so slight a difference as .01 per cent of carbon, it is stated, can be detected in this manner. Pointed, branching lines denote carbon steel; tool steel shows the appearance of "blossoms" on the branches; tungsten steel gives red-streaked rays and shining points, with little balls thrown out of the formation, and an explosion appearance in the articulation denotes the presence of molybdenum, vanadium or titanium.

Competition in Sports Fostered by Countries

International Games Considered One of Best Ways to Bring About Good Relationships Among Nations. How American Athletes Are Aided by Government.

INTERNATIONAL competition in sports between individuals or teams representing the United States and other nations is passively fostered by the governments of the various countries which are leaders in athletics and all forms of sporting competition.

The United States in particular is active in furthering international amity through various sporting events, in which individuals or teams representing this country travel abroad to meet athletes of other nations.

While little, if anything, is said outside of official circles regarding the passive assistance the United States government gives to teams of athletes representing this country when they travel abroad for purposes of competition, it has been manifested in many ways that international sporting events bring together citizens of all nations in a closer bond of sympathy and understanding.

Outstanding among the international events on the sporting calendar are the Olympic games, held every four years. The last Olympiad was held at Antwerp last year, and, as in many preceding Olympic events, the athletic teams representing the United States were victorious. The Army transport service put at the service of the American Olympic committee an entire vessel for the transatlantic trip, did everything possible to facilitate granting of passports, and in many other ways, self-evident to the man interested in amateur sports, the government helped to make the visit of the American athletes an unqualified success.

Within the past few years international competition in golf and tennis has grown to be a feature on the sporting calendar, anticipated with pleasure by millions of devotees of both games on either side of the Atlantic. In tennis, quite recently a decided international flavor has been given to the competition by the advent of two Japanese—Ichiya Kumagae and Zenzo Shimidzu—both having attained a high ranking in American tennis. Teams of tennis players representing Australia have drawn considerable attention and furnished not a little competition to American devotees of the net game.

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BEGINNING in 1911, when Charles Evans, jr., and a small band of American golfers ventured to England to attempt to annex the British amateur championship, several ventures have been made by Americans to win the British amateur golf crown. That these ventures are furthered by both governments is the confident claim of sporting authorities.

Walter J. Travis, dean of American players and a lone invader, won the British amateur title in 1904 and since that time, notwithstanding the unquestioned caliber of the American invaders, no player from this country has been able to win the title. Robert A. Gardner of Chicago came within a putt of winning the British title last year, losing to Tolley on the thirty-seventh hole of their match.

This year, backed by the good wishes of various administration officials and given every possible assistance by men high in the government, a team of golfers representing the very best in this country went to England to battle for the British amateur crown over the historic links at Hoylake. Their downfall is now a matter of history and it fell to Francis J. Wright, a hitherto untried youth, to go further in the event than any other American.

Only a few days later Jock Hutchison, an Americanized Scot, professional at the Glen View Club of Chicago, overthrew the best of the British and French professional golfers at St. Andrews, winning the British open championship from the best field that ever competed in the classic. The team of American professionals included the best in this country and although nominally sent abroad through subscriptions obtained by the editor of a golf magazine, really obtained a great deal of assistance and most generous consideration from the government.

America's polo team finally annexed the international trophy in matches held last summer in England, while a rifleman from Washington, Walter R. Stokes, captain of the George Washington University team, won the world championship last August at Lyons, France.

The recent visit of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, French woman tennis star, to this country was fostered chiefly through the French ministry of sports, it is said. Valuable assistance to Mlle. Lenglen's trip was given by M. Vidal, the French minister of sports, and the trip was made pleasant through the assistance of American officials and sportsmen. The Leitch sisters, Edith and Cecil, leading figures in women's golf in Great Britain, were in the United States for several weeks, competing in various golf tournaments last summer.

The interallied athletic games held at Paris early in 1919 did more to foster good fellowship and a spirit of comradeship among the soldiers of the various armies in France than any other single incident outside of actual war combat. The games, held at Pershing Field, in Paris, received the support of all the allied governments and were won by a team of athletes from the American forces abroad. The international yacht races between the United States and Great Britain for a trophy presented many years ago by Sir Thomas Lipton, well known British sportsman, have for years been sporting events bringing about a unanimity of understanding between the two English-speaking races. Both governments have cooperated with the donor of the trophy and with competing individuals to make the races successful. The same is true between the government of Canada and that of the United States as regards the fishermen's boat races, begun last year, in the latest contest of which the Canadian schooner Bluenose was the victor.

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DURING the past week swordsmen of the United States and Great Britain have been engaged in New York and Washington in international fencing matches which have brought together a number of officers of the American and British armies. This is the latest of the athletic events sponsored by governments to insure a better spirit of amity.

Athletics pick up the thread of international understanding where the diplomats leave off, in the opinion of leaders in sports in this country—or perhaps athletic competitions lead to an easier understanding of the problems the diplomats have to face. In either event, there is not a question of doubt that the several athletic events in which the competitors come from different nations and officially represent those nations have resulted in a vastly better understanding, not only among the athletes themselves, but among the entire population of each country.

The United States and England, more than any other two countries, specialize in sports, and their sports, with two or three exceptions, are so similar in character that international competition is thus fostered. We have base ball and the British have their cricket. We have foot ball and the British have a dehydrated edition of the same game. In all other sports the two countries are the same.

France is making a determined effort to produce winners in sporting events of all kinds, and in this she has the backing of the government through the ministry of sports. England has not such a ministry, but high government officials give their official support to all athletic contests. A French golfer has won the British open championship and Mlle. Lenglen is conceded to be one of the world's greatest tennis players. France, ably backed by government money, reigns almost supreme in all branches of aviation, and her foot runners have proven themselves as fast as those of other nations.

Behind the lines in France during the war sports had a very distinct place. Realizing the importance of mental relaxation from the strain of war, all the allied governments made special provision for sporting events when the men were off duty. There have been stories that both British and American soldiers engaged in athletic contests within a few yards of points where shells from enemy batteries were falling.

Men high in the official councils of the United States and England not only fosters sports of their countries but set their countrymen a good example by playing the games themselves. In this country we have the chief executive, President Harding, a golfer of no mean skill and a man who is always actively interested in all sorts of sporting events. The Senate of the United States boasts a number of good golfers, while from the various foreign embassies and legations in Washington come numbers of attaches who play their games with skill and ardor.

Practically all the officials of the British government are golfers. Premier Lloyd George is one of the vast army of British players, although he enjoys fishing fully as much as the ancient Scottish game. Gaston Vidal, the French minister of sports, is an enthusiastic follower of sports and has recently learned the American game of base ball.

Shopping Hints.

In an old-time book on good manners one of the first instructions given to the young woman when she shops is to remind her that it is not good form to "cheapen" the goods she wishes to buy. She may politely tell the salesman or the merchant that the price is too high, if it really is, and may make as if to go away; then, if the salesman sets a price she likes better, she may make the purchase, if she likes. This apparently is quite good form, but deliberately to dicker with the merchant was not considered worthy of a "perfect lady."

It is unnecessary to remind women nowadays not to cheapen goods, because almost everywhere prices are fixed so that it would be impossible to cheapen if we wished to do so. But there are things that the shopper should bear in mind.

It is very inconsiderate—and anything that is inconsiderate is bad form—to treat the salesman or saleswoman as if he or she were personally responsible for the fact that the goods offered are not what you want. Usually, the salesman has nothing whatever to do with the selection of goods, and to assume a sneering attitude to him because you do not like his wares is ridiculous.

Very often we are tempted to feel personal resentment for the salesperson because of the high price of the merchandise. When eggs went up to 80 cents a dozen last winter dark were the looks and unkind the remarks directed by many housewives at the grocer clerk who sold those eggs, just as if he had anything to do with the price of eggs.

Some women have a habit of handling all goods they think of buying, and even some goods they have no intention of buying. To be sure, if you are selecting a piece of linen or silk you probably will need to appraise the texture of the various pieces offered by feeling them; but this may be done without injuring the material.

One of the rudest things a shopper can do is to try to secure the attention of a salesperson when that person is waiting on some one else. Years ago, to be sure, one salesperson was expected to wait on five or six customers at once, but the modern way is the way of concentration, and to try to get the attention of a salesperson already engaged is both inconsiderate and ill-bred.

The Japanese pick cherry blooms and cure them in salt, using them to make a sort of tea.